THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SIMEON DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1615.

Choice Poetry.

DAISIES.

Pale and pensive daisies,
Smiling in the grass;
Who doth sing your praises?
Pants by you pass,

And I, alone, am left to celebrate your name.

In the Summer morning
Through the fields we shine,
Joyfully adorning
Earth with sober shine,
And pure from every heart fresh gladness into mine.

Lying in the meadows,
Like the milky way;
From nocturnal shadows
Glad to hail a ray,
And live a happy life in the wide light of day.

Rose about you humming,
Fits their yellow cups;
Winds in whispers coming,
Speak you love's sweet lore,
For your reluctant lips still worshipping the more.

Birds with spoiit looks,
Shower their songs on you;
And the rustic maiden,
Standing in the dew,
By your charmed looks into it her love to true.

Little stars of glory,
From your amber eyes
No lamentant story
Of her love steals out
And yet, "He loves me not" is all the sad reproach.

Cherubs of all ages
None's unwatched by you,
Sleeping in the cradle,
Or the coffin too;
So, by living stream
In Heaven, I think the light of flowers immortal pleases.

When your skin is over,
Powerfully to fade,
With the fearsest stower
And every grace is shed
In other for a pall, beneath the marbled shade.

Happy, happy daisies!
Would I were like you
Pure from human passion,
Fresh with early dew,
And free to my lover in Heaven's clear sunshine true.

Pictures of Life.

ADVENTURES IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY DR. D. MORTGOMERY BIRD.

"That is certainly my name," said I, "what—"

"You haven't the honor of my acquaintance?" interrupted the gentleman. "I am sorry, so, but I have the pleasure of producing my note of introduction."

And with that, the fellow, stepping one hand on my shoulder in a very impudent, familiar way, displayed under my nose, not a note of introduction, but a note of hand, for some seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, in favor of Simon somebody, I forget who, and signed, plainly and strongly enough, *James J. Smith.*

"All this, my friend," continued the fellow, his hand from my shoulder, "is doubtless, good and sufficient. The difficulty is, that it concerns some other James J. Smith, and not me. For I never wrote that note, nor, indeed, any other. You have made a mistake."

"Very nastious, sir," said the person. "I should believe you, sir, that your James being in difficulty, was under the necessity of parting with that little note to me, sir; and I, just like a fair price for it, sir, because it was a debt of honor, sir," here the rascal looked at me as meant to impress me with an awful sense of his courage and determination; "a debt of honor, sir, I never had any difficulty in collecting it."

"The dence take you and your debt of honor," said I, waxing impatient. "I tell you, sir—" but my gentleman interrupted me again.

"No occasion to swear like a dam fellow. I don't intend to trouble you *just now*. I know what leisure you to town have. I know old Sturky, to coming. If he has not I am sure he will, the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir?" Here the fellow burst into a laugh at the look of amazement I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle; and, indeed, with whatever else concern, "I did not think Mr. *James J.* Smith such a person, to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street! In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be gammoned hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour of every man of fashion, the dinner hour, for the note, sir; till when, your obedient servant to command, sir."

With that my gentleman bowed and chilled off, evening to his whiskers with an air of remarkable magnificence which I have not seen equalled by any blacking.

Here this confounded, horrible mystery of a note, quite changed my resolution of repairing the house to the post-office and shewed to my namesake. It seemed now apparent that my letter was a mere casualty of mistake in the address, to wait on prey, of him who knew his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, incumbent on me to deliver another note, of a very honest way, to the hand of the rich "young lady," referred to by the note-holding gentleman, the fair E——— of the letter. I felt that I should greatly fail of my duty as the owner of a house, and perhaps protect a disquiting ten-

[—letter in my pocket, and into my hand-kerchief, and I thereof it, were to prevent the interception of the letter would produce a fatal discovery, and duly might afford the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon reading about the house, viewing it, and, as I thought till the last moment, without further consideration, I left the house, and proceeded back to my boarding house to tea, I was stopped by a chance acquaintance, a young fellow, a sailor's clerk, who begged my opinion I believed I was Mr. *James J.* Smith, required of me to name at the head of the slate on the [illegible] players. Master, Sally & Shaner, intend that they will perform on or before the first day of the next subject, observed that times were hard, and economy and family anxieties, and could not allow for upon those gentlemen if I would be so good as to talk with *him*, forthwith, down to their lodgings, and would never so much as trouble me after.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man; that I loved Messrs. Sally & Shaner not a jot more than I loved any other gentlemen of the same profession; that I had the honor of being incredibly at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated, and I observed him following me at a distance, and dogging me all the way to my lodgings.

After tea, having no acquaintance in the city, I went out of the theatre to pass the evening, and passed it, in the company of a respectable, I was, indeed, at one time annoyed by the coming of the two fellows together, but only found myself in the next box, who from their conversation, I found, were on a party of pleasure, a botanical regime. One of them, who had red, baldy, I observed was very excited in his opinions, and was quoting an abandoned desperado, in his conversation; and from some remarks which I let escape, I discovered that he was in a scrape with a sudden suspicion that he was on a party of pleasure with my worthy namesake, Mr. James J. Smith himself. Then, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the jolly-looking lady sitting next to me, say, "Oh! how confoundedly handsome." "Hard-headed fellow," &c., and Mr. Red-and-Bluish observe with as cash, "if the blood-suckers would give him the day, he would not be worth his head again with the rest of them." I tried in vain to catch the fellow's name; and soon after the curtain was drawn aside, and a young man came into the box, and told him, in a whisper, that a person in the pit wished to be looked alarmed, his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the box.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and I had been for some time absorbed in the history of the scene, when I was suddenly accosted by a voice whispering in my ear. "Mr. *James J.* Smith, this is a Mr. To-morrow Rown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough."

I was quite determined me to leave the theatre, and go home. But I had scarcely got into the street, when I was stopped by a man of fortune to be appealed on the shoulder by so selfish, who told me he had a writ for me and he as I could gather any sense from its odd and broken expressions, related to a marriage which [illegible] to the young lady in the box.

"Sir," said I, "you are mistaken. I am not Mr. *James J.* Smith! *Not myself*, certainly; who had the honor of meeting, marriage, or any such thing, and have never spoken more serious love or proposals to my human being. No, it was upon my word, who was confined by the accident to the "aforementioned place," well-known of anyone in the province within ten, but not to me that there was across other James J. Smith, besides myself, in the world, and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom, it was manifest from the terms of it, the less might prove extremely inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I persisted I had nothing to do but return it to the post-office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retiring my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, or a person dressed like a gentleman, but I thought there was something ruffianing and sinister in his looks, who stepped up to me, and with a low bow and a grinning smile, told me, "he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith?"

"I am," said I, "but—"

"Then I arrested for there was immediately a great bus and my raised; and, the streets being pretty full of people, (for it was not eleven o'clock,) I was followed and hooted, and assailed on both sides; so that it was only by hurrying instantly to the house, and closing it into away alley and by-way that offered, that I managed to avoid my pursuers. My greatest fear was of losing my way; for I knew but little of the city, and the confusion of the streets when the great family resemblance between all its houses, are very perplexing to a stranger. Yet I succeeded in getting home to my own house, notwithstanding my various doublings; and hypocritically put on the look of a large hour as sight was my boarding-house, because it looked exactly like it, and was similarly situated, and so alley, which—or one the perfect *facsimile* of it—I had taken notice of during the day.

I had not been in the house above a quarter of an hour before some persons, who were standing on the pavement, knocked at the door. Mr. Hinchman plunged down the alley, which was badly lighted, and soon contrived to get into another still darker one, which, I perceived, ran at the back of the houses, bounding the yards or gardens, which were merely enclosed with walls and fences; with a garden gate in the latter. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding house through the garden gate, which I knew was on the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch: it did not open to it. So he ran I was similarly situated, and the gate held was thrown open, and, upon my life, it was boarded up. I then climbed and bolted behind me: and this, I was certain, effectually would keep me from them without—for none of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides, the gate was overhung by a great tree. I was safe, I thought, for the night, and I had to that I could see nothing of the persons who had followed me, and that I was not disposed to trouble you just now, nor to be gammoned hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour of every man of fashion, the dinner hour, for the note, sir; till when, your obedient servant to command, sir."

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Selected Articles.

TENDENCY OF POPULATION
TO THE CITIES—ITS CAUSE.

An interesting article appears in a late number of the N. Y. Tribune, composed of a letter from a country correspondent, and the editor's remarks thereupon—relative to the tendency of the agricultural population to the cities. The correspondent says:—

The rapid increase of the population of cities, and the very slow increase of the agricultural towns, is a subject frequently alluded to. This emigration is the more remarkable, as the country people well know that disease of every hue abounds in the cities, and that death there stalks abroad at noon-day, sparing neither youth nor beauty. They also often hear that pinching poverty there crushes his thousands to the earth, and they know that evil in every variety of form there seeks to ensnare the unwary to destruction. It requires no argument to convince any candid mind that there must exist some powerful motive which can thus induce young and old to leave their homes and early associations and face perils of so fearful a character that few escape unharmed, while thousands are cut down by death, or endure moral death, which is vastly worse.

A review of the habits and practices of city and country, and of the remuneration of labor given in each, may show us the cause of this unwise emigration. Let us first look at the course of life of a man who works on a farm. He rises with the sun and forthwith commences his arduous toil, and ceases not during the live-long day; he is exposed to the burning heat of summer and to the piercing cold of winter; his hands grow callous, and his manners uncouth, while his mind remains undeveloped; and yet, notwithstanding all this labor and privation, he cannot get a living without the strictest economy, as the coarseness of his homespun, and the plainness of his daily fare testify.

Let us now look at the routine of life in a city. The clerk rises in the morning at his leisure, and sets down to a table spread with the dainties of the land; his hands are not hardened with work; his clothes, in the height of the fashion, are unsoiled; while his gold repeater and its glittering appendages are conspicuously displayed. In an easy, graceful manner, he recounts the pleasures of a city life, and alludes to his salary of five hundred dollars or a thousand dollars, as barely sufficient to enable him to keep up the style of a gentleman. Such is the life of a city clerk. If we turn to the city mechanic, we find his labor equally high in proportion, while his pay enables him to have on his table the dainties and luxuries of the season. If we, then, review the respective positions of the ladies in the two places, we shall find the disparity in their employments to be equally striking. With the one, the work of milking and butter-making forms an important part of their daily avocations; baking and spinning serving as reliefs to the dull monotony of their lives; while the other looks upon visiting, shopping, and playing upon the piano as among the most important of their duties; nor does the homespun dress of the one nor the silks of the other tend to soften the feeling of dissatisfaction in the breast of the less favored one.

Now, it is not surprising that the appearance, manners, and light labor of the citizen should cause the countryman to wish for an easier life, especially when he reflects that the clerk or mechanic, who is no better than himself, should receive, and spend for his own private expenses more than is expended for a whole family in the country. Here, then, we have a motive sufficient to account for the emigration to the city; the mechanic receives for his ten hours work $2, with dainty living, while the countryman receives for his live-long day's work fifty cents, with the coarsest fare. It is no use to object that these high wages are not universal in cities; for high wages and short hours do unquestionably act as a premium to encourage emigration to them.

Now, in the name of the infants who prematurely perish in our cities, in the name of the men who there make shipwreck of a good conscience, and sink to the lowest depths of wretchedness, I ask whether this disproportion in the labor and wages of city and country be right? Why should the countryman work from sunrise to sunset, while the mechanic works but ten hours? All lamentations concerning the evils of overgrown cities, and of the high prices of many articles of food, will be entirely useless so long as this extravagant disproportion exists; nor will the emigration to the cities cease till some change in these respects is brought about. You may talk of the healthiness and beauty of the country, but your words will not be heeded; you may dilate on the dangers of the city, but no one will listen to you. C. D.

REMARKS.

The unsound reasoning of "C. D." would be harmless, but for his false facts; nor should we care for these if it were not deplorably true that thousands labor under a like hallucination with our correspondent. Let us try to set him right. Well, then,

1. It is *not true* that the *average* compensation of Clerks in Cities ranges from $500 to $1,000 a year. We probably know as much on this head as "C. D." and we assure him that there are to-day in our City more Clerks who receive under $300 than there are who receive over $500. Nor is it true that there is any such disparity between the hours of labor of Clerks and Country Laborers. City Clerks, as a class, do not begin work so early as farm-laborers; but they generally work later—often till 9, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock at night. What country laborer would like to purchase the privilege of lying abed late in the morning at that price? We have had experience in all sorts of hours and many sorts of works; and it now seems to us that if we could only quit work every night at dark, and have the entire Sabbath for its proper use, we should never more consider any work hard.

2. There is a small class of clerks who receive salaries of $1,000, and some even higher; but these are men of remarkable capacity—of unusual talent—who know how to do the work of two or three ordinary men, and do it better than ordinary men could. They have generally spent several years in learning how to be as efficient and valuable as they now are. They are now receiving pay, not merely for rare faculties, but for those unrecompensed years—just as a lawyer often receives $100 for a day's work, but that day's work really includes many days and dollars spent in qualifying him to earn $100 (nominally) in a single day.

3. Now as to City Mechanics: It is not true that they receive an average of $12 per week, nor $10. There are a few trades which pay such wages; but those who follow them are obliged to stand idle a good part of each year. In our own business (Printing) the average earnings of all the journeymen do not exceed $8 per week, and we think fall below that sum. True, on Morning Dailies, like The Tribune, the pay is liberal; but consider how it has to be earned—working from 11, A. M., to 2 or 3 next morning, (often later,) and liable to be called up abruptly at any time after going to bed on the reception of important news. Considering the wear and tear of constitution and eyesight, such labor could hardly be too liberally recompensed. There is no comparison between this and the regular, seasonable hours and healthful toil of the farmer. And we worked several years in various parts of the country without once stumbling on a neighborhood in which the farming class, as a whole, worked so steady and faithfully as do the mechanics of this city.

4. Well, now, as to Rural Labor: It is true that farmers in Spring and Summer work more than ten hours per day; but in Winter they work *less*, and we are not sure that they exceed, in the average, ten hours of faithful labor each, per day. If they do, they work too much, and we are in favor of a legal limitation of their [illegible] stops for rain, while the mechanic does not, and it might be fair to make the agricultural day's work eleven hours instead of ten. That is a point to be considered. An average of sixty hours solid, energetic work per week, is enough in any vocation; if any work more, we are in favor of a reduction in their favor.

5. Then as to Wages: The current rate in any vocation is usually affected by the difficulty and cost of fitting for efficiency therein. If, for instance, an intelligent, hardy young man can learn in one year to be a good shoemaker, while four years would be required to make him as good a gunsmith, the wages or weekly earnings of gunsmiths will naturally exceed those of shoemakers. And as it costs little time or money to qualify a rugged man for some sort of efficiency as a farm laborer, and he can fully earn his living while acquiring this proficiency, it is very obvious that an average farm laborer cannot obtain so high wages as a skillful mechanic whose trade has cost him the three or four best years of his life.

6. Moreover, if the city mechanic (or clerk) enjoys any such "dainty fare" as "C. D." imagines, he must pay for it *out of* his stipend, while the farm laborer receives his board over and above his wages—a rather important consideration. Tastes differ as to food; but we never found any mechanics' boarding house, (and we have tried a number) so inviting as the table of any thrifty farmer who produces fruits, milk, butter, &c., and who serves up his peas, beans, squashes, &c., fresh from the fields where they were growing a few hours before. Bad cooks are indeed a visitation which intercept and pervert some of Heaven's essential bounties; but they are by no means confined to the rural districts.

7. Now as to C. D.'s assumption that a country farm laborer can never save any thing—*it is not true*, and he ought not to assert it. Take a young man of twenty-one, industrious, healthful and tolerably familiar with his business:—We say he can hire out for $12 per month for the year, (average) throughout our Northern Free States. He ought to clothe himself with $20 of this, and have $100 clear at the year's end. This he should invest or lend carefully, and work the next year; and so for five years, when he will have $600 to $700 laid up, according to his general health and good work. Now he is in a position to marry one who has been equally industrious and saving, and *this should be the end of his hiring out*. He should now hire a small farm, if he does not feel able to buy one, stock it with the proceeds of his past toil, and resolve to work it as thoroughly and advantageously as any man works his larger and more showy estate. If he does this industriously and frugally, lets liquor alone, keeps out of lawsuits, and makes a rule of making out at least twenty-four fair days' work on his farm in each month, no matter what may offer to call him away from it, he may own his place clear of debt within ten years after marriage, live easily thereafter, and start his children in life considerably ahead of where he began.

But if a young man will begin by spending on fine clothes and frolics all he earns for the first two or three years of his independence, then marrying a wife as foolish and improvident as himself, and set himself down in a cottage on the corner of some great man's farm, to work by the month or day whenever he is wanted (as the dog comes when whistled for) and lie idle when not so required, he will of course live and die poor, and we don't see how he is to help it. He certainly will not by moving to the city.

If the farmer's mind remains undeveloped, as "C. D." asserts, the fault must be his own. His labor does not usually tax his brain a feather's weight in comparison with the incessant anxieties of the professional or mercantile man; and even though he works all the sunny hours of six days in each week, there are still many more hours than he needs for sleep. Books and newspapers are very cheap, and some of them good; no farmer who really *wishes* and *tries* to improve his mind need fail for want of opportunity. If he spends his leisure hours in a grog-shop or gadding about, of course he will not grow wiser very fast.

—But young men *will* come to the City. Certainly—if they believe such stories as C. D.'s, they will come to find out their mistake. But don't let them come soliciting employment as a *favor*, as too many of them now do, but let them respect the dignity of labor by not asking work of any one except as he shall deem it his interest to employ them. Let them never come without the means of getting away again, and be sure to leave in time to get home without begging or borrowing. For in the country there *is* work for all who need it, at least through the open season—rude and scarce it may be, and meagrely rewarded; but no man need there beg for work as a favor, which many here must, because there absolutely is not work in cities for nearly so many as struggle [illegible] them. And let every one, whether in city or country, strive and save out of the hireling condition as speedily as possible, so as to give a better chance to those he leaves behind and the multitudes coming on. The hireling's is not the natural, healthful state of man, and each should endeavor to escape from it as speedily as possible. We were sent here to be units, not fractions—persons, not adjuncts and appendages to others. Let us each endeavor to fulfill our destiny, and not degrade it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The late Rev. Dr. Alexander, in a work published a few years since, gives the following account of a remarkable incident in the life of Rev. Wm. Tennent:—

"After regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the Gospel Ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He grew worse and worse. He was conversing one morning with his brother in Latin on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain, and on being told that one of the persons who had laid out the body thought he perceived a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensitive as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, *though no one else could.* He had the body placed in a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected, as absurd, *the eyes* [illegible] finally prev[illegible] probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life.—But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and they assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request to a delay of one hour—then half an hour—then a quarter of an hour. Perceiving him moistening the swollen tongue with some emollient ointment, the brother, mistaking the doctor's purpose, sharply exclaimed, 'It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse,' and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical moment the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, gave a groan, opened its eyes, and sunk again into apparent death.

"This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again directed for his restoration. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment of many who had *been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.*"

Clippings.

☞ It is a strange fact that the bodies of men, when drowned, always float face downwards; the bodies of women always face upwards! What is the reason? Who can give a scientific explanation of this fact?—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Spiritual Humbug in Europe.—In Prussia there are large numbers of people engaged in delivering messages from Heaven while they are asleep. They do not "rap,"—they talk.

☞ A witness who was being examined in a case of larceny of boards, at Worcester, Massachusetts, swore that one of the boards was three and a half feet long, and *sixteen feet wide!*

☞ The "Statute" of the Nation.—Senator Hale, in speaking of the resolution brought in by Senator Seward, for the purchasing of Catlin's Indian Gallery, said—"If instructions were to be given to the Committee [illegible] propose one for the removal of Greenough's statue of Washington, and Persico' statue of Columbus—the one because of its failure, the other because it is not only a failure, but an object of disgust." Complimentary, that. We asked a gentleman of this city what he thought of the "Columbus." Said he,—"It's a most absurd affair. The New World is represented in the form of an Indian female, entirely naked, and Columbus stands opposite, with a ball in his hand, looking as if he was about to get a ten-strike."

☞ The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and stifled, in the hurry-scurry of the world, or swamped in the slough of indolence.

☞ American Flowers in London.—A recent exhibition of American flowers in London, has been greatly admired.

☞ Such is the immense variety of novelties exhibiting in London, that it is said that Nelson's famous motto is to be changed, so as to read,—"England expects every man to ——" amuse himself.

☞ Horses are said to have become so numerous in Brazil, as to be a serious trouble.—The Emperor has, therefore, issued a decree, authorizing citizens to shoot breed mares wherever found.

☞ Pommade de Seville.—This is a simple but efficacious preparation, much in request among Spanish ladies, for removing from the face the effects of the sun. The following is the recipe:—Take equal parts of lemon juice and white of eggs. Beat the whole together in a varnished earthen pipkin, and set on a slow fire. Stir the fluid with a wooden spoon, till it has acquired the consistence of soft pomatum. Perfume it with some sweet essence, and before you apply it, carefully wash the face with rice-water.

☞ A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey-moon would last. He replied—"Don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is the harvest-moon with me."

☞ We see it stated that the phonetic system of spelling has been introduced into no less than fifty-three of the public schools of Massachusetts. The more's the pity.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the mammoth and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

We expect to be able to commence this new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "The Discarded Daughter," &c., &c., in our paper, either of July 17th, or July 24th.

"The Curse of Clifton" will scarcely be as long as the average of Mrs. Southworth's novelets; but many of its readers (ourselves included,) will like it better on this account. It will come in admirably for Summer reading, stirring the dull pulse, and whiling away those sultry noontide hours, when it seems too hot to do anything but lie on a couch and read.

HENRY CLAY.

In a note to our last paper, we recorded the decease of Henry Clay—who departed from this earthly stage, on which he had played so prominent and distinguished a part, on the 29th of June, at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock, A. M. His last words were: "My son, I am going; sit near me." Governor Jones, of Tennessee, his son Thomas, and Mr. Dexter, with a personal attendant, were the only persons with him. His end was calm and peaceful. He was in the full possession of his faculties to the last, with the exception of times when his mind seemed to wander, and the words, "mother, dear mother," "dear wife," faintly broke from his lips, as if he beheld their loving faces. Perhaps his mind really did wander, in a more literal sense than that in which the expression is generally used—and, partly disengaged from the bondage of [illegible] the [illegible] of the mother and the wife.

Mr. Clay was a man, it is said, of warm domestic affections, though his domestic history is of course much less known than his political one. A contemporary says:—

When Mr. Clay removed from Virginia, where he was born, to Kentucky, his future residence, he married Lucretia Hart, daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq., a prominent citizen of Lexington. Another daughter of the same gentleman was married to Hon. James Brown, of New Orleans, Minister at Versailles during the administrations of Messrs. Monroe and Adams. Mrs. Clay, who is now in her seventy-first year, and in the enjoyment of good health, has been the mother of eleven children, four of whom died in childhood. Eliza, a young lady of unusual promise, died suddenly, in 1824, while on her way to Washington with her father—and almost at the same moment the parents received intelligence of the decease of another daughter, the wife of Mr. Duralde, of New Orleans. A third daughter, upon whom the father's affections seem to have centred, after the death of the other two, died in 1835. She was married to Mr. James Erwine, of New Orleans; and her loss was a blow from which Mr. Clay never recovered. Of the five sons, the eldest, Theodore Wythe Clay, has been, since boyhood, an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Thomas Hart Clay, born in 1803, resides in Kentucky, and is engaged in the manufacture of hemp. Henry Clay, Jr., lost his life at the battle of Buena Vista. James B. Clay and John M. Clay, the youngest, are now practising the profession of the law in their native State.

Mr. Clay was, truly, a remarkable man. No statesman ever had more devoted friends, or more determined enemies. This resulted from the warmth and energy of his glowing and even passionate nature. He occupies in our mental gallery of great men, a niche about half-way between Saul and David. Like Saul, he stood a head and shoulders above his brethren, like him he was bold, overbearing, and dictatorial—but, like David, he was eloquent, heroic, generous, frank, and magnanimous. He lacked David's deep religious spirit, his fervent faith—he would not have poured out on the ground the water, obtained at the risk of life, as a costly libation to the Lord; but would have drained the cup, with some eloquent words of praise to the bravest captains of Israel. But, like David, he was capable of great magnanimity of action, at times even almost up to the sublime pitch of forgiveness of injuries.

And there was a noble sincerity in his great nature. What he thought upon the important questions of the day, that he frankly said, without evasion or disguise. We are not entirely certain that "he would rather be right than be President," but we do feel tolerably certain that he would not—for that matter, *could* not—have bought the Presidency at the price of concealing his honest opinions upon any topic of political importance. He was of too earnest and ardent a nature not to have opinions, and, having them, not to promulgate them at all fitting times and in all fitting places. Let this be said to his honor, especially at this time, when men seem to be gradually learning to undervalue the noble virtues of sincerity and frankness,—and when the double dealing tongue, and the ambiguous silence, appear to be fast taking the place of that Roman and Grecian nobility of soul, which spurned the sacrifice of manly character for the sake of high station and party triumph.

As our readers may wish to recall the principal incidents of Mr. Clay's political career, we copy the following brief sketch from a contemporary:—

Mr. Clay has been in the public service for nearly half a century. He began his national political career in 1806, when the Kentucky Legislature elected him to the U. S. Senate, to fill an unexpired term. He subsequently served in the Kentucky Legislature. But it was in the House of Representatives of Congress that he first assumed the commanding position which he has ever since occupied in public life. He was elected to that body in 1811, and was chosen its Speaker, and sustained, with great eloquence and ability, the war measures against Great Britain. He afterwards was one of the Commissioners at Ghent, to negotiate a treaty of peace, and on his return was again sent to Congress and elected its Speaker. Here he took the bold and manly ground of advocating the duty of the U. S. Government to recognize the Independence of the South American Republics, in speeches which appealed to the heart of every lover of liberty, and stamp him as the first orator of the age. He remained in Congress till 1821, was absent two years, was again sent to that body in 1823, and was elected Speaker once more. He was distinguished at this time for his advocacy of the protective tariff policy.

In 1824, Mr. Clay first became a candidate for the Presidency, having for his competitors, General Andrew Jackson, a universal favorite of the people, John Quincy Adams and Mr. Crawford. Jackson received the largest electoral vote (99), and Clay the smallest (37;) Mr. Adams received 84, Mr. Crawford 41. The election went to the House, and Mr. Adams was chosen, who made Mr. Clay his Secretary of State, and act which occasioned many bitter personal attacks afterwards in the partisan newspapers, on Mr. Clay's character for political honesty, a charge from which even his most steady opponents in the Democratic ranks have since openly exonerated him.

After the end of Mr. Adams's term of office, Mr. Clay was sent by Kentucky as one of her representatives in the U. S. Senate; General Jackson succeeding Mr. Adams in the Presidency. He was a candidate in the next Presidential contest for that office against General Jackson, but the latter was again elected. The tariff question again came up in 1833, and then Mr. Clay brought forward his celebrated compromise bill, which was carried, and quieted for a time the excitement the discussion had caused. In 1842 he resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate. In 1844, he ran again as the Whig candidate for the Presidency, against Mr. Polk, and was again defeated. In 1849, he was returned again to the U. S. Senate, where he originated the celebrated compromise measures, which were carried mainly through the force of his indomitable will and great personal popularity.

A great mistake, perhaps the greatest, of Mr. Clay's life, was the acceptance of office under Mr. Adams. That gave color to the charge of "bargain and corruption," so often, and sometimes so effectively, brought against him. For twenty years he did not fully recover from the shock that unwise acceptance of the office of Secretary of State, gave to his reputation.

One of Mr. Clay's last requests was, that he should be buried, not at Washington, or even Frankfort, but at Lexington, by the side of his friends and relatives. Congress therefore appointed a Committee to superintend the removal of the body to the place of sepulture. The route agreed upon—with rather questionable taste as it seems to us—was through Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, by the Albany and Erie Railroad. The funeral ceremonies at Washington were of the most imposing character; as were those also at the various cities along the route. In this city, a grand torch-light procession met the mournful cortege at the railroad station, and escorted it to Independence Hall, which was shrouded in crape, and where a guard of honor received the coffin. Thus it passed on through the land, received at every stopping place with the tears of warm political and personal friends, the tolling of bells, the mournful strains of martial music, and all those tokens of popular sorrow, which denote that a chief of the nation—a veritable tribune of the people—has fallen.

And so passes Henry Clay from this world's forum. Now is not the hour to fully write his biography, or more than glance at his character. The Future will judge him, in the light of his deeds, and of his motives, more wisely than the men of his own generation can hope to. The historian of the Future, swayed by no partial devotion on the one hand, or party animosity on the other, will calmly weigh his services, his eloquence, and his errors, and give him his true place among the great leaders of the nations.

PRIVATE LETTERS.

The "London Athenæum" of a recent date, says:—

"The author of 'Bleak House' runs some danger of being as well known to the public in all his private relations and affairs as if he *fashions* lodged in his strong box. The other day, revelations were made in Lord Jeffrey's 'Life' of a startling intimacy—and here is a letter, written in 1848, given to the public four years later—while every one discussed in it save the writer is alive. There is somewhat too much of this; and even if the excuse be, as Mr. Aird's excuse has possibly been, that a biography so lean as Dr. Moir's required larding—such reason, we submit, offers small security or comfort for those who do not covet to have their yesterday's dinner-table talk sold at the railway stations under their very eyes—and who are in the habit of writing without reserve, in the confidence of privacy, with as little idea of concealment as of being paraded in the columns of the 'Athenæum.' Whether Dr. Moir may or may not have been among those who would have been gratified at the idea of their correspondence being printed, is of small consequence:—the practice seems so painfully on the increase as to call for earnest caution."

As to the letters in the "Life of Lord Jeffrey," we inferred that Mr. Dickens consented to their publication, for as they were written by Jeffrey in reply to his own, in all probability they were obtained from himself. If this were not the case, their publication was highly objectionable. An individual has no right of property in the private letters addressed to him by others, except in a limited sense. Letters written in the hurry and authorized license of confidential intercourse, cannot honorably be paraded before the public, except by permission of the parties whom they concern, while living, and their relatives or friends when dead. What is written for the public is one thing, and what is written for the amusement or information of a friend is another. In writing to the latter, a man often [illegible] vagaries of various kinds, which he would not be willing that the world at large should listen to. There is always an implied pledge in the reception of a private letter, that it shall not be used to the prejudice or embarrassment of the writer. And, on a similar principle, a man has not a right to publish even his own answers to such letters, revealing as they do the substance of that to which they reply, except by permission of those to whom they were written.

Private letters, no doubt, often are very interesting and amusing reading; they open that inner window of the heart, through which all men—and especially all women—delight to look; and where the parties concerned are willing to be thus laid bare to critical inspection, certainly the world is a gainer by being able to enlarge or correct its views of human nature. But a greater care than at present is generally manifested, to guard against the sacrifice of individual rights and feelings in this respect, is certainly much needed. And to insure this greater care, let it be universally promulgated as one of the laws that govern all honorable, to say nothing of all Christian men, that the publication of a private correspondence, except by the consent of both parties, is a violation of a sacred pledge of secrecy, implied by the very receiving and retaining of a letter.

The Spirit Rappings.—A correspondent of the N. Y. "Journal of Commerce," in glancing over a number of the "New York Packet," of 1789, came across the following paragraph:—

"*Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Fish-kill to his Friend in this city, dated March 5, 1789.*

"Sir: Were I to relate the many extraordinary though no less true accounts I have heard concerning that unfortunate girl at Hackensack, your belief might perhaps be staggered and patience tired. I shall, therefore, only inform you of what I have been eye-witness to. Last Sunday afternoon my wife and myself went to Dr. Thorn's, and after sitting some time we heard a knock under the feet of a young woman that lives in the family. I asked the Doctor what occasioned that noise; he could not tell, but replied that he, together with several others, had examined the house, but were unable to discover the cause. I then took a candle and went with the girl into the cellar. There the knocking also continued; but as we were ascending the stairs to return I heard a prodigious rapping on each side, which alarmed me very much. I stood still some time, looking round with amazement, when I beheld some lumber which lay at the head of the stair shake considerably. About eight or ten days after we visited the girl again. The knocking still continued, but was much louder. Our curiosity induced us to pay the third visit, when the phenomena were still more alarming. I then saw the chairs move; a large dining table was thrown against me, and a small stand, on which stood a candle, was tossed up and thrown in my wife's lap; after which we left the house, surprised at what we had seen."

Of course the age of the above account makes neither for nor against the belief that the rappings, &c., now-a-days are the work of spirits. Proving a thing old, neither proves it true or false. It does, however, rather tend to indicate that time will develope no other aspect of this affair than what we already have seen. The probability is that it will die out gradually, as men find they can make nothing more of it than they know at present, or when something more interesting occurs to furnish food for thought and conversation.

The Weather.—We probably shall have a cool summer, on account of the great quantity of ice made during the winter at the North. Our readers will take notice that our Northern winds this season, are unusually cold. Even when a South wind brings very hot weather, a change of wind to any of the Northern quarters causes a reduced temperature immediately, and comes to the languid with "healing on its wings." To show the state of affairs at the North, we quote the following:—

The Lake Superior Journal says, that on the 5th inst., the captain of a trading sloop, bound to St. Louis river, found the Lake so obstructed with ice, that when within twenty miles of the river he found it impossible to proceed, and had to return. The ice extended along the coast as far as could be seen, and was twenty miles wide. It was firm, hard, and of immense thickness. The oldest "Indian" does not remember ever having seen ice so late in the season before.

☞ It has been decided by the U. S. Circuit Court, at Richmond, Va., that the taking of bank-notes, illegally issued, from a letter, is not punishable. The Court ruled, "that the notes stolen had no such value as the law will recognize and protect."

The Crystal Palace.—The value of the contents of the Crystal Palace, was only between eight and nine millions of dollars. This does not include, however, the great crown diamond, the Koh-i-noor.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

At the recent National Agricultural Convention, at Washington, an incidental debate took place relative to the Smithsonian Institute. We quote a portion of that debate, in order to do our part in disabusing the public mind of a common error, that certain descriptions of knowledge, particularly that of the highest and most abstruse kind, are not practical. In the course of the discussion, Senator Douglass thus expressed himself:—

He proposed that a department of agriculture should be attached to the Smithsonian Institute, and believed that this would be more in accordance with the views of Smithson than the course pursued at present by those in charge of the Institution. There were now no *practical* results; abstruse and theoretical subjects were all the professors busied themselves about; and, unless this state of affairs were reformed, the Institute would become most odious in the sight of the American people. If it was the wish of the friends of the Smithsonian Institute to make their establishment popular, they must rest it upon the great industrial institutions of the country. He wished the Institute to prosecute the sciences, but *only with reference to practical results*. Let them pay attention to geology, mineralogy, and mechanics, but not forget agriculture. The Institution must *make itself useful*, and not *waste* its investigations upon the stars and heavenly planets, and other matters which had *no practical bearing*.

We confess we are a little surprised that a man of the reputation of Senator Douglass for intellect, should talk in this fashion. It is like a man arguing the importance of creeks and rivers—their usefulness in turning mill-wheels, &c., and yet ridiculing the insignificant springs which lie at their source. Mr. Douglass was well answered by Professor Henry, of the "Institute." He said:—

Smithson intended not the diffusion of useful knowledge merely, but the *increase of knowledge*, the continual addition of new facts to the store already in the possession of mankind. The world is the product of one great mind; one system pervades it; all its parts are mutually connected and adapted; all sciences are akin each to the other; and it *was impossible to say how little or much any one discovered fact in one department should affect other and apparently distinct and disconnected departments.* All knowledge was *practical*, how abstruse soever it might to the uninitiated appear, and in good time would always vindicate itself in subserving the practical wants and necessities of mankind. He would instance the discovery of the mariner's compass. Who, when they contemplated a man busied about the seemingly trivial circumstance of the attraction subsisting between a stone and a piece of steel, could have dreamed the greatness of the results to follow from it; results to be marked in our modern commerce and navigation, so wonderfully exceeding those of ancient times. So with Franklin, in his apparently trivial experiments, which were the foundation of the modern electric telegraph, with all its wonders and advantages. The truth is, *the higher the knowledge the more practical and useful*, and in this view it was that agriculture is to be more advanced by the microscope than by the plough and harrow. All discoveries must be encouraged, and such an institution as the Smithsonian required encouragement, that it might, in the *increase* of knowledge, aid in adding new facts to science. For the *diffusion* of knowledge there were thousands of institutions where there was [illegible] for its *increase*, and the Smithsonian Institution is pursuing its true and genuine purpose in keeping that great fact in full view. It had already published *four* quarto volumes, every page of which contained some new addition to knowledge, and these volumes were distributed in every direction. We will, said Prof. Henry, co-operate with agricultural societies, and especially with the society now born in your place of establishment. The Smithsonian Institution will offer its halls, its books, its apparatus. We are even now doing much for agriculture. We are preparing an extended report on the forest trees of America; we have published a volume on the sea weeds of America. These things might appear of no practical value or importance, and yet they are of the highest importance. These plants or weeds are of high value in the chemical and mechanic arts.

Scientific men doubtless could enumerate many cases, besides the two referred to by Professor Henry, where the pursuit of knowledge for the love of knowledge—the sake of the knowledge itself—has resulted in great practical advantage to mankind; using the word *practical* even in its lowest sense of *material* benefit. To instance more fully the case of the magnetic telegraph, referred to by Professor Henry: It had been discovered by those who pursued knowledge for its own sake, that if a magnetic current be passed through a bar of iron shaped like a horse-shoe, the iron, so long as the current was passing, would become a magnet. This discovery was one which not many men would think could be made of any great practical advantage to mankind. It would have been generally thought a curious fact, if the world generally had known it—but nothing more. And yet upon this curious fact, the magnetic telegraph is based. That magnetic power, thus [illegible] the motive power sent, for instance, from [illegible] in Philadelphia, through the wire, to the horse-shoe in New York; a power thus being created at New York by the operator in Philadelphia, continuing in operation so long as he allows the current to flow, and ceasing instantly as he cuts off the connection between his battery and the wire.

Therefore, in this progressive age, when every daily paper bears witness to the marvellous practical results of the magnetic telegraph, for a man to disparage the pursuit of pure science, is a very great blunder indeed.

In truth, these should be encouraged in every way, not discouraged, while despite the "cacoe-thes" of making money, and "dying rich," (as Young says,) of which no portion of the world was ever more full than these United States at this moment, are willing to turn their backs upon the mammon worship of the times, and devote their days to the study of the Creator's laws, and the discovery and "annexation" of new realms of knowledge. Whatever the masses of their fellow citizens may think, they are the wise men, and we, the money-lovers and money-getters, are the fools. We do not think so now, perhaps, but a day cometh when all men shall see this clearly, in the light of the Redeemer's judgment throne. Who then shall stand guiltless of the multitudes who have devoted their days and nights to the mere acquisition of wealth? Not he, whose motive was his own indulgence, in any respect—whose motive was purely selfish. Only he, if such there be, who has toiled and striven, apparently for himself, but really for the good of the great family of man.

But honor to him who has devoted his days to the enlargement of the realms of knowledge—not for the gold that he may receive in consequence; but, primarily and principally, for the knowledge itself, and for the consequent elevation of the human mind. Such a man may die poor, in one sense; but, hereafter, he will find, in all probability, that he indeed has not wasted his life. Singular that the great majority of men should strive most earnestly for that material wealth which they cannot carry with them beyond the grave; comparatively unmindful of those riches of the intellect, heart and soul, which alone can accompany them, and give them peace, joy and consolation in a future state of being.

Those Rascally Mexicans.—The Mexicans along the Rio Grande, have been committing numerous outrages on the American side of the river, probably in retaliation for the recent Caravajal movement. They have enlisted a number of Indians in their expeditions for robbery and murder. A military force should be stationed on the Texas frontier by Congress, sufficiently strong to drive back these Mexican marauders, and keep our own marauders at home. Some of the American inhabitants along the Rio Grande, seem to think that it is very amusing and pretty sport to hunt and torment the Mexicans; but a most cruel and unjustifiable thing to be hunted and tormented in return. At least, this is the way that matters appear to very many at this distance from the scene of action. We notice that four of Caravajal's men, one American, one Scotchman, and two Mexicans, were recently shot at Matamoras by the orders of President Arista. If these disorders along the line be not speedily put an end to, a savage and bloody border warfare will be the result.

Mr. Webster.—As Mr. Webster was chosen out of the Presidency for want of those 40 Northern votes,—see letter in our political news—his Southern friends have determined to give him the next best thing, a good dinner. The Bostonians also intend to honor him with a grand public reception. Some say that Mr. Webster will then soon retire to the shades of private life, in compliance with his wife's wishes; while others assert that he is going out to England in the Autumn months, to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Abbott Lawrence. Time will make manifest.

☞ The Emperor Nicholas entered Vienna, we are told, "wearing the uniform of a Hungarian general." The uniform of Hungary! Thus may the clothes of the victim be at times found upon the back of the accomplice in his destruction.

Probably, however, it was done to flatter and please the Hungarians, who are to become some day (so doubtless thinks Nicholas) a portion of the Russian Empire.

Frauds.—New York forgeries of applications for land warrants and pension certificates, to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, have recently been brought to light. The rogues are said to be lawyers, brokers, &c., heretofore considered respectable men; and the period through which their forgeries have extended, nearly eighteen years!

Frightful Condition of New York.—The Mayor of New York says that it has been found necessary to increase the police force of that city on duty during the day, in consequence of "*the great increase of rowdyism.*" The N. Y. "Courier and Enquirer," says:—

"While the rowdies of the city are allowed to hold the balance of power and return whom they please on the charter ticket, and while the *people* of New York entitled to a *vote*, will, with a foolish sense of *fear*, give them such a privilege, so long will the affairs of the great metropolis be badly conducted, and their criminal records exhibit series of *bloody perpetrations*, *such, perhaps, as cannot be produced in any other city in the world. We report many disgraceful and fearful affrays, but we do not hear of them all, as many are smothered; the police of late do not even record them on their daily returns.* They have become so numerous that the occurrence of a murder, a stabbing affray, *gross outrage*, daring highway robbery, murderous assault in the day time, &c., have become "*matters of course*," a thing expected, and something which the readers of criminal events look for with sanguine hopes and fiery imaginations. The present police force, *as corrupt as it is*, might be made to answer all the purposes in rendering New York a safe and quiet city, were the *Aldermen* and *Police Justices* to discharge their duty in a fearless manner, and not listen to the dictations of the political friends of prisoners apprehended. The Aldermen even go out of their own wards and discharge prisoners. Many offenders are brought up for assaulting, abusing and interfering with energetic policemen in the discharge of their duties, and an Alderman being apprised of a political aid being incarcerated, no matter hardly what the crime is, (some charged with felony have been released,) he repairs to the station-house, whether in his ward or several wards off, and in defiance of good principles and the laws of the land discharges the culprit, thus giving him renewed courage to still further perpetrate his outrages. This aldermanic interference is complained of constantly by the police captains."

Our readers will do us great injustice if they suppose that we quote these confessions of the New York press, with any design to injure the trade, or derive any little pecuniary advantage from the shameful condition of that city. Our only motive is this: A desire to benefit New York itself, for its own sake, and as a prominent portion of our common country. In times now happily gone by, nothing had so much influence to put down the spirit of riot and disorder in Philadelphia, as the publicity given it, and the severe comments indulged in, by the New York press. And we know that nothing will sooner cause the influential classes of New York to rise in indignation, and put a stop to the shameful deeds of robbery, murder, and worse, which are a disgrace not only to that city, but to the Union, than for the Philadelphia press to give publicity to what they themselves acknowledge to be true. It may be for the temporary, but it certainly is not for the permanent interest of Philadelphia, or any other city, that New York should be given up to the sway of lawless ruffians, who are tolerated because they have votes. When Democracy sinks to this, it becomes the worst kind of an Aristocracy—not the aristocracy of birth, education, or wealth, but the aristocracy of the vile and the profligate.

Another Victim.—Here is another instance of the baneful effect of the alleged spiritual communications:—

Mrs. Douglass, of Cicero, Onondaga county, on Wednesday night last week, after all her family had gone to bed, let herself down in the well—leaving a note addressed to her husband, stating where her body could be found, and that she believed her spirit would come back to earth and take care of her child. Her determination to shuffle off the mortal coil, in expectation of an improved condition, was so deliberate that she had two or three days before purchased her grave clothes.

We hope that this belief is a direct intercourse with spirits, will not take much hold upon the French mind, or else, with the tendency to self-destruction which already exists, the number of suicides will be frightfully increased in Paris.

"Fuss and Feathers."—The Covington (Ky.) Journal gives the following as the origin of this well-known nickname of General Scott:

"The epithet, 'Fuss and Feathers,' was first applied to Scott at Lundy's Lane, by the British. The tall hero went into the fight with a very large plume, and was so active and earnest in hurrying on and encouraging his men—first at one point, then away at another—that the enemy thought he was a little *fussy*. Scott, with his tall form, large plume, and dashing gallantry, was a conspicuous mark for the bullets of the British. He had two horses killed under him, was shot in the side, afterwards in the shoulder, and finally had his favorite feathers shot off. After that the British called him 'Fuss and Feathers.'"

The Torchlight Procession.—This procession to escort the remains of Henry Clay to Independence Hall, was a grand and imposing spectacle. It is supposed that at least 6,000 torches were borne in the procession—principally by the firemen in citizen's dress. Everything was conducted with much decorum and order.

The Fourth.—The national anniversary was celebrated by a military parade, Whig and Democratic speeches, and an unlimited amount of noise from crackers, pistols, &c. The city exhibition of fire works was very fine—the North ern Liberties' only tolerable.

New Publications.

Austria in 1848–49: Being a History of the Late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice, and Prague; with Details of the Campaigns of Lombardy and Novara; a full account of the Revolution in Hungary; and Historical Sketches of the Austrian Government and the Province of the Empire. By William H. Stiles, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the Court of Vienna. With Portraits of the Emperor, Metternich, Radetzky, Jellacic, and Kossuth. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

An important historical work by one who had the best opportunities for observation, and for the collection of the various materials necessary to form an impartial history. As far as we can judge from a cursory perusal, Mr. Stiles has written with a careful regard to facts, and as much as possible with an unbiassed pen. The portraits are handsomely executed, and apparently truthful. The Emperor—"The Boy Kaiser with his lip of lies," as Whittier calls him, has a distinguished looking but unscrupulous countenance; in Metternich we see the artful politician and narrow-minded man; in Radetzky the old soldier with his honors in the shape of stars and crosses thick upon his breast; Jellacic a most aristocratic, commanding personage; and Kossuth, the high-souled enthusiast and grandly intellectual man, whose living features are now familiar to numbers throughout our country.

Supernal Theology, and Life in the Spheres: deduced from Alleged Spiritual Manifestations. By Owen G. Warren. The Introduction and Narrative Portion of the work by one of the Medical Faculty. New York: Fowlers & Wells. For sale by Stokes & Brother, Phila.

This pamphlet contains some very pretty, and some rather ridiculous, reasoning, in the way of speculations upon the kind of life we shall enjoy after death. As for ourselves, we rest quietly in the assurance that all that is important to aid and guide us in our path through life, is already revealed to us; and most of us have work enough on our hands in living up to the knowledge we have. The duties of this quickly-passing life are plain and pressing, and their faithful performance will lead us as surely to the reward appointed—whatever the character of that reward may be—as if we were fully acquainted with the nature of those joys, of which it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And yet we would not say that those things never may be known in this earthly state, at least to a degree, for we read in the same connection, "that the Spirit searcheth *all* things, yea, the *deep* things of God."

Little Eva: Uncle Tom's Guardian Angel.

Such is the title of a new piece of music that we have received, the poetry written by John G. Whittier, and the music by Manuel Emilio. Those who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in whatever light they may view much of the work, will acknowledge, we think, that the character of Little Eva is not surpassed in fiction. Dickens's Little Nell is the only character at all comparable to it, and we should hesitate to give either the preference. For sale by J. P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, and Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, Cleveland, Ohio. Price 25 cents.

☞ A perfumed newspaper has been started "down East" by an enterprising Yankee. Each sheet upon being opened for perusal, emits all the exquisite perfume of *eau de rose*.

☞ The average life of bank officers is 62, of sextons 57, of railway conductors 30, of brakemen 27.

☞ The London Weekly Dispatch states that upwards of £30,000 ($144,400) were lost per week, for fifteen weeks, making no less than $2,232,500, by the recent strike of the English engineers.

☞ The Boston Post says that great numbers are flocking to Newport, taking their "medicine chests" with them.

☞ A Lady Worth Running Away With.—An English paper says that the Duchess of Sutherland frequently wears upon her person jewels amounting in value to nearly half a million sterling!

POSITION OF AMERICAN CLERGY.

[We copy the following from the "Home Journal," not because we agree with it, but, as we often copy articles, because it is suggestive, and food for thought. That undoubtedly there are evils attached to the present system of paying the clergy, is true,—and the evils being stated, can be more readily guarded against—but whether any other system is better, "there is the rub."

One sentence in the following—that which justifies a *Christian minister* for not preaching what he believes to be the "words of truth and righteousness," when his children's bread may be perilled by so doing, is simply anti-Christian, that is all. Christ says: "He who loveth wife or children more than me, is not worthy of me." And the minister who would withhold his convictions of truth from fear of losing his salary, is false to his sacred office, and should leave it at once.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The *Christian Inquirer*, of this city, a paper conducted with ability, and pervaded always by a liberal and humane spirit, concludes an article upon "the American clergy" with the following words:—"We believe that the voluntary system in this country is as yet in a very crude and undeveloped state, and that far more decided measures than is generally thought, are necessary to guard against imminent dangers, especially to resist the intrigues of a foreign priesthood, who know too well the weak points of our system, and who, however much under authority, are in some respects *free from our dependence upon the congregations*. We intended to pursue the subject, but our columns are so crowded as to forbid at present."

We italicise a line of the above, because there the writer had his finger upon the sore place. That is the very core of the difficulty, "*our dependence upon the congregations.*" We regret that the *Inquirer* did not "pursue the subject," and we yet hope to see in its columns the frankest and fullest exposition of its opinions upon this most important subject.

We have another paragraph lying before us, clipped some time ago from the *Olive Branch*, which states the case in eloquent burlesque.—It is signed "Fanny Fern," who must be a clergyman's wife or daughter, so thorough an understanding has she of the complicated difficulties of a clergyman's position:—

The Model Minister.—He never exchanges. Is not particular whether he occupies a four-story house or a ten-footer for a parsonage.—Considers "donation parties" an invention of the adversary; preaches round and round the commandments in such a circular way as not to hit the peculiar-isticks of any of his parishioners. Selects the hymn to suit the singing choir instead of himself; never forgets, when excited in debate, that pulpit cushions are expensive articles. Visits all his people once a month, and receives their visits whenever they choose to inflict 'em; brings forth things "new and old" every Sunday, more particularly *new*.—Knows by intuition, at a funeral, the state of mind of every distant relative of the deceased, and always hits the right nail on the head in his prayer. When he baptizes a girl baby, never afflicts the anxious mother by pronouncing Louisa, *Lousiy!* frowns upon all attempts to get him a new cloak; looks upon "bronchitis throat complaints," and "journeys to Europe," as modern humbugs; never wears a better coat than any of his parishioners. *Submits his private personal expenses to a committee of the greatest dunderheads in his congregation*; has the eloquence of Paul—the wisdom of Solomon—the patience of Job—the meekness of Moses—the constitution of an elephant—and—lives on $200 a year!

We are wrong in calling the above burlesque. We know, and a large number of our readers know, that it is an almost literal statement of facts.

There are certain subjects upon which it is dangerous, in this nation, to speak; because it is universally supposed that we are so absolutely and finally right in our view of them, that to express even a timid and modest doubt respecting the correctness of the popular opinion, is regarded as a species of impiety—if it is a religious matter—or treason, if the subject is political. The subject named at the head of this article is one of these. Sanctioned, however, by such high religious authorities as those just quoted, we may perhaps be pardoned for offering a few observations on a matter most intimately connected with the preservation, not to say the progress of civilization in this Western world. So far in our history, the preservation of civilization, amid the manifold tendencies to barbarism incident to the settlement of a new country, is due mainly to the labors of the clergy. At this moment there are vast regions in the Western country, where the sole hope and stay of civilization is the Methodist pioneer preacher; where the tidings that [illegible] pleasures than those of sense; worthier aims than worldly fortune, reach the ears of the people through him *alone*. But whether the clergy are destined to carry on to completion what they have begun, or whether the clerical profession is to become extinct, and a wholly different religious organization is to take its place, depends simply upon this—whether the pecuniary support of the American clergy shall or shall not be placed on a better, juster, and more independent footing than it now is. At present, as is well known, the tendencies all are to the extinction of the profession.

There are three ways now practised in the Christian world of supporting the clergy. One is for the government, as in France, to pay the salaries out of the ordinary revenues, just as the civil officials are paid. Another is the English method of tithes and livings, the right of the clergyman to the tithe, or its commuted equivalent, being recognised and protected by the law, and the clergyman holding his living for life, or "good behaviour." The third is the voluntary system, in which the pastor is the *hireling* of his flock; is appointed by his flock; holds his place at the pleasure of his flock, and is subject to all the whims and caprices of his flock—whom he must *please* or *leave*. Under all of these different systems, the clergy, as a class, have always been poor; and—to their honor be it said—have never, as a class, complained of their poverty. It is wages enough, they have always felt, to be occupied immediately in the affairs of the soul, and to be exempt from worldly distractions. Nor is it of their poverty that our clergymen are accustomed to complain—though they might well do so, heaven knows! It is the *insecurity* of their position, their dependent, semi-pauperlike condition. They are aware, of course, that a man with an income of four hundred dollars a year, upon which a family, and perhaps an indispensable horse, are to be maintained, can preach with little effect to a man who exults in an income of ten thousand—particularly in these days when money is the *only* thing to which *sincere* homage is paid. But if that annual pittance of four hundred dollars were wholly, indisputably, and *for* life, *his own*, then the pastor, intrenching himself in the inherent dignity of his position, could safely defy his proud parishioner, and preach forth the words of truth and righteousness, without fear or favor. Can he do so now? Yes, if he is strong and unmarried. But who can help being a coward, when his children's bread, perchance his aged mother's, hangs upon the will, the whim, of a purse-proud "dunderhead?" In such a case cowardice is virtue, and martyrdom is base.

And here, if space permitted, what a catalogue of painful facts could we adduce! What tales of anxious trimming between interest and duty! What instances of venerable and saintly men turned out to die, like worn-out horses, after very many years of devoted, herculean, self-forgetting labors! It was only a few months ago that a remark was addressed to ourselves by a learned New Englander, that illustrates in a most forcible manner the unstable and dependent nature of a clergyman's position. Said our friend:—"It is an unhappy thing for the peace of a village for a new doctor to settle in it, for generally he turns out the minister in the course of two or three years." The new comer, he explained, is usually a new light, and the old doctor is always a stickler for the old practice. Parties are formed, and contention rages. The young doctor marshals on his side the young and rising members; the old practitioner is strong in the confidence of the "respectable" and the moneyed brethren. All goes well, till the minister himself requires the attendance of a physician, and then he finds himself in a painful dilemma. If he summons the old gentleman, he makes enemies of the young doctor and all his set, who call him an "old fogy," and think he is "behind the age." If he employs the new light, then he loses the "confidence" of that part of his congregation from whom the greater part of his living is derived. They style *him* a new light, and say he forsakes the "old paths," etc., etc. The result is, that—to use the current phrase—he finds "his usefulness" at an end; or, to adopt more expressive language, one party or the other "makes the place too hot to hold him." And accordingly he requests his "dismission," which is granted, for the sake of promoting the harmony of the church!

We agree with the *Christian Inquirer*, in the opinion that "far more decided measures than is generally thought" must be adopted before the evils at which we have hinted, will be remedied. The nature of those remedial measures should be a subject of discussion by the religious press, and of reflection to all clergymen, particularly those whose position, from their commanding talents or private fortune, is impregnable. There is no possibility, we are well aware, of return to the *past*. No tithes or government stipends are to be looked for here. The divorce of church and state on this continent is final. The question is, how can the clergy enjoy the independence, the security and the respectability of position possessed by the incumbent of an English parish, without the aid and the consequent interference of the government? It is our entire conviction, as we before remarked, that if the united wisdom of clergy and people shall prove incompetent to the practical solution of this question, the quality of clerical teaching and clerical character will depreciate more and more, until in the lapse of time some new religious organization now unthought of or dimly guessed, will arise, before the vitality and power of which the profession of a clergyman will cease to be.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have met the following paragraph in the *Puritan Recorder*:—

The Aged Pastor's Dismission.—A few days since an Ecclesiastical Council convened at Sheffield, Mass., for the purpose of dissolving the pastoral relation between the Rev. James Bradford, and the Congregational Church and Society of that place. Of this Council, the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, was Moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Clark, of South Egremont, was Scribe. The grounds on which the expediency of this dissolution was placed were solely and entirely *the age and infirmities of the pastor*. The Council deeply regretted that it had not occurred to the people that *it would have been more honorable and becoming had they retained the aged pastor and settled a colleague with him—a measure seemingly connected with good.*

WAT TYLER.

Let us see exactly who Wat Tyler was. In the language of the most widely read political writer of the last century—the writer of the *Rights of Man*, in answer to Edmund Burke—such was that hero:—"Several of the court newspapers have of late made frequent mention of Wat Tyler. That his memory should be traduced by court sycophants, and those who live on the spoil of the public, is not to be wondered at. He was, however, the means of checking the rage and injustice of taxation in his time, and the nation owes much to his valor. The history is concisely this:—In the time of Richard the Second, a poll tax was levied, of one shilling per head, upon every person in the nation, of whatever estate or condition, on poor as well as rich, above the age of fifteen years. If any favor was shown in the law, it was to the rich rather than to the poor; as no person could be charged more than twenty shillings for himself, family and servants, though ever so numerous; while all other families, under the number of twenty, were charged so much per head. Poll taxes had always been odious; but this was so oppressive and unjust, it excited, as it necessarily must, universal detestation among the poor and middle classes. The person known by the name of Wat Tyler, whose proper name was Walter and a Tyler by trade, lived at Deptford. The gatherers of the poll tax, on coming to his house, demanded tax for one of his daughters, whom Tyler declared under the age of fifteen. The tax gatherer insisted on satisfying himself, and began an indecent examination of the girl, which, enraging the father, he struck him with a hammer, and brought him to the ground, and was the cause of his death.—This circumstance served to bring the discontents to an issue. The inhabitants of the neighborhood espoused the cause of Tyler, who in a few days was joined, according to some histories, by upwards of fifty thousand men, and chosen their chief. With this force he marched to London, to demand an abolition of the tax, and a redress of other grievances! The court finding itself in a forlorn condition, and unable to make a resistance, agreed, with Richard at its head, to hold a conference with Tyler in Smithfield, making many fair professions, courtier-like, of its dispositions to redress the oppressions. While Richard and Tyler were in conversation on these matters, each being on horseback, one Walworth, then Lord Mayor of London, and one of the creatures of the court, watched an opportunity, and like a cowardly assassin, stabbed Tyler with a dagger, and two or three others falling on him he was instantly sacrificed. Tyler appears to have been an intrepid, disinterested man, with respect to himself; all his proposals, made to Richard, were on a more just and public ground than those which had been made to John by the Barons; and notwithstanding the sycophancy of historians, and men like Mr. Burke, who seek to gloss over a base action of the court by traducing Tyler, his fame will outlive their falsehoods. If the Barons merited a monument to be erected in Runnymede, Tyler merits one in Smithfield."

Mr. Webster on the Morning.—The following is an extract from a familiar letter written by Mr. Webster while in Virginia, a few years since, to a friend in Boston.

5 o'clock, A. M.
Richmond, April 29, 1847.

Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my habits of early rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high; the James river runs below it, and when I went out an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the falls. The air is tranquil and its temperature mild. It is *morning*, and a *morning* sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years, leads us to call that period "the morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say she "is bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning."

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest *purpling* of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings." A rising sun which shall scatter life and *health* and joy throughout the universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new.

The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new every *morning*," and fresh every moment.

We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be.

I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments and new gratitude. * * * * *

Yours, &c., DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Save me from my Friends."—A physician, giving an account of a case of neuralgia of the head, in a recent medical journal, presents the following rather startling account of his method of cure:

"I determined to adopt the same principles of practice in this case as I had done before, viz., to produce paralysis of the whole nervous system, and temporarily suspend the action of the heart and circulation; then restore the circulation again and the nervous energy, only keeping the nerves which were the seat of the disease in a state of paralysis by local applications over them, and by the internal use of such remedies as act on the nervous system generally."

Most persons, we think, would prefer to take their chance with a common neuralgia than to try "paralysis" and a "stoppage of the circulation of the heart," by way of remedy. If by the chance looseness of any screw in his machinery the practitioner should not succeed in bringing back his circulation, the case might become very serious.—*To-Day.*

☞ The San Francisco Picayune says that the churches there have determined to sing no more long metre tunes, they being too slow for the country and people.

☞ The Chinese excitement in California appears to have nearly died away, as no further mention is made of any public movement in reference to it. That letter to the Governor proved that the Chinese were "no fools," anyhow.

☞ Speaking of Cooper, the novelist, the *Eclectic Review* (England) says of him:—"We are among those who are inclined to award to Cooper an equal degree of talent and power with that ascribed to Walter Scott, and we are disposed to place the originality of the American author at as high a point as that of Scott. There is certainly in Cooper more power of concentration, a more epigrammatic style and greater resource of expression."

☞ The name of "Snooks," so generally associated with vulgarity, is said to be only a corruption, or rather a contraction, of the more dignified name of *Seven-oaks*, a town in Kent, England. The town is generally called *Se'noaks*, or more phonetically, *S'nooks!*

☞ Better Late than Never.—At Haverhill, Massachusetts, week before last, Mr. Timothy George, a bachelor, of the mature age of seventy-four, espoused Miss Anna Ordway, who had lived in a state of single blessedness for eighty-one years.

☞ Not a single instance, says the historian Niebuhr, can be produced of a really savage people which has become civilized of its own accord; and where civilization has been forced on such a people from without, the physical decay of the race has ensued.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.
Saturday, July 3, 1852.

REMARKS—There has been but a limited amount of business doing since Friday last. Cotton is held firmly, but the transactions have been limited. Breadstuffs have been in limited request, and for Wheat and Cotton rather lower rates have been accepted. Coal continues in good demand for shipment Eastward, and prices are fully maintained. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are held firmly, but the transactions have been limited. Pork, Bacon and Lard are in fair request, and prices firm. Wool meets a good demand, but supplies from the West come in slowly. The recent excitement in the West has caused a better feeling since, and holders have put up their prices. Freights to foreign ports are exceedingly dull, and the rates are nearly nominal. Colliers meet with quick despatch at our quotations. The arrival of the Crescent City, at New York, with two and a half millions of dollars in gold dust has imparted increased confidence to monetary affairs, and stocks generally are advancing.—Good short paper is readily negotiated in the street at the legal rate, and the Banks are discounting liberally. Exchange on England rules at 110a110½, with but a small supply of Bills and a very limited inquiry.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been excessively dull and inactive since our last weekly report. The sales for export comprise about 6,500 bbls at $4 per bbl for mixed Western; $4,25 for good brands Pennsylvania, and $4,37½a4,62½ for extra. The sales for city use have been limited within the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce—sales of 200 bbls in lots at $3,50. Corn Meal is held with more firmness. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,12½a3,18¾, now held at $3,25, and 300 bbls Brandywine on terms not made public.

The exports this season from the States to Great Britain and Ireland, are

	1852.	1851.
Flour, bbls	1,154,382	1,267,475
Meal, "	1,720	5,553
Wheat, bushel	2,116,566	1,227,859
Corn, "	1,369,218	2,131,467

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat during the past week have been small, and there has been but very little inquiry. Prices have further declined full 2 cts per bushel. Sales of 24,000 bushels white at $1,02, 1,03a1, closing at the latter quotation and red at 97a98 cts per bushel, afloat. Rye is scarce, and has further advanced. A sale of 500 bushels Pennsylvania at 69 cts, and some Southern at 75c. Corn slightly declined in the early part of the week, but since this decline has been partly recovered sales of 26,000 bushels yellow at 64a65c; closing at 64c to-day; white at 63 cts, including a lot of damaged at 59c. There have been but few Oats arriving. Sales of 4,000 bushels Delaware at 41a42c, and Pennsylvania at 44c, in store.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market. We quote Mess Pork at $19,75a20, and Prime at $18 per bbl. Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $15,50a17. Bacon is in fair request; sales of Hams at 10½ to 12 cts per lb for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides 10¼, and Shoulders at 8¾a9c, but mostly at the latter quotation. Lard has advanced; 3a400 barrels prime sold at 11c per lb—kegs are held at 11c. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is very little doing either among the jobbing or commercial houses, but it is anticipated that there will be more activity next week. Prices are steady for all descriptions of goods.

BARK—There has been more doing in Quercitron Bark this week, and 150 hhds No 1, sold at $24,50 per ton. Tanner's Bark has been arriving more freely [illegible] $12,50 per cord.

BEESWAX—Is in demand, and several lots of yellow sold at 26a26½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand is limited for all descriptions, without change in prices.

COAL—The demand continues active for the supply of Eastern markets, and prices are firmly maintained. Bituminous Coal comes forward very slowly, and is worth 18c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1,000 bags, mostly Laguayra and Rio at 9a9½ cts, on time, including some St. Domingo on terms kept private.

COPPER—The sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are limited, but for the former, holders have advanced their quotations to 24c.

COTTON—The receipts of Cotton during the past week have been small, and the market has been very quiet. The sales comprise 600 bales Upland and New Orleans, the range from 9a12½c per lb, on time.

The movements in Cotton this week are as follows:

	1852.	1851.
Receipts since 1st Sept. bales	2,953,489	2,282,663
Exports	2,291,148	1,795,356
Shipments from Southern to Northern ports	264,999	391,236
Stock at all ports	189,321	275,426
Stock in New York	61,066	52,763

The receipts are already within 46,500 bales of 3,000,000. The coming two months will unquestionably raise them to near 3,100,000 bales.

DRUGS AND DYES—The inactivity which characterized the market for some weeks past still continues. Sales of 200 bags Nitrate of Soda, and 15 cases Liquorice Paste on private terms.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. Small sales of good Western at 38c per lb, cash.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel during the past week have been small. Sales of No 1 from store at $10,50a10,75, No 2 at $9,75a10, and large No 3 at $6,25a6,50 per bbl. Codfish are scarce. A sale of Gibbed Herring at $3,50 per bbl.

FRUIT—There has been but little business doing, and the only sales reported are Bunch Raisins, in lots, at $1,87½a2 per box, and smaller pkgs in proportion; Pine Apples sell at $4 to 9 per 100, as in quality. In Dried Fruit nothing doing.

GUANO—The sales as usual at this season of the year have been unimportant.

GINSENG—There is but little Crude in market, and Clarified is but little inquired after. 1,000 lbs of the former sold at 40c.

HEMP—The market continues quiet, and no further transactions have been reported.

HIDES—There have been no sales, and there are none left in first hands.

HOPS—The demand is limited; small sales of first sort at 48a50c, per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but no sales worthy of notice have been reported.

IRON—There has been some little inquiry for Pig Metal, and prices are steady; sales of 600 tons Anthracite No 1 at $21, and No 2 at $19a20 per ton.—Prices of Manufactured Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—Galena is held firmly at 5c per lb, but no further sales have come under our notice. 600 pigs Chester County sold at $4,75, cash.

LUMBER—There has been less activity in the market. Three cargoes of Laths sold at $1,75, and small lots from the wharves at $1,87½ per M. Prices of White and Yellow Pine Boards are unchanged.

There were shipped by Lehigh Canal for the week ending 19th inst.

	Feet	1,694,375
Previously		17,864,776
Total this year		19,559,151

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet since our last report. The sales have been limited, comprising only 100 hhds, mostly Cuba at 21c on time, including a lot of Cienfuegos on private terms.

NAVAL STORES—There has been but little doing this week, and prices of Tar, Pitch and Rosin are unchanged. Sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 45a46 cts per gallon.

OILS—Prices are firm for all descriptions of Fish Oils, with limited sales. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 81a83c per gallon. In Lard Oil no large sales.

PLASTER is dull, and supplies have been arriving more freely. Three cargoes of soft at $2,26 per ton.

RICE—Arrives slowly. Sales of 150 tcs in lots at 4¼a4½c per lb, on time.

SALT—All the recent arrivals have been disposed of on terms not made public.

SEEDS—In Clover and Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is scarce and commands $1,25 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported this week.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots at our last quotations. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 26a27c. Whiskey has slightly improved.—Sales of 600 bbls at 22a22½c, closing at the latter rate, and hhds at 21c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¾ to 6c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce. Sales of Rendered at 8¼a9 cts per lb, cash.

TEAS—The sales are mostly confined to small lots to the trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, and prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, with limited sales.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been an increased demand for manufacturing, and the dealers have put up their prices fully 2c per lb, the supplies coming in, not being more than equal to the demand. The sales comprise about 70,000 lbs, from 33 up to 55c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are exceedingly dull, and the rates are about nominal. Colliers meet with quick despatch at $1,75 per ton to Boston; $1,30 to Rhode Island, and 90c to New York.—*Inquirer.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

We design commencing, in the course of about two weeks, a new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Two Sisters," &c., &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give in charge to Mrs.

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall also publish a series of stories of Revolutionary matter—composed in a great degree of the concise anecdotes that appear in the Romance writings of the late Mr. Simms, author of New Works, Original Letters, Garden Plots, Cures, and other Receipts, &c., &c.—fascinating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented petitions from Washington City for the removal of the taxation from the District of Columbia, and for its repeal.

Several petitions were presented in favor of the passage of the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Rhodes reported a bill providing for the settlement of the accounts of military officers charged with the disbursement of moneys for the use of the Indian Bureau. Mr. Rhodes explained the provisions and objects of the act allowing the War Department to purchase the shipping of the Pacific coast, and to employ it for the public use. The bill was taken up, and ordered to be printed.

The Chair laid before the Senate a message from the President, in which he says that in accordance with compliance with a previous resolution of the Senate, Mr. Halpenstaut's letters to the President, when withdrawing from the Cabinet, and the reply thereto, were laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Sumner presented petitions, in which were also referred the resume return, with historical sketches of the several regiments, &c., &c. Mr. Sumner said that he had received from the Census Department, as a gift for the publication of the whole returns, many of the historical sketches, containing the historical sketches of the States, cities and towns, and that he had also received a request from the Secretary of the Navy, and, should this request be granted, he would give pieces of artillery and accoutrements to promote, and to encourage, a military spirit in the people before them, as incomplete, inaccurate, false, and injurious to the public interest, and that they be not published in the public-land returns. They say that if the Government undertakes to publish a history of the returns of the census, it will be a work of years, and that they have been called on by the Census Department to furnish the money to pay for the publication. And by-the-by, Mr. Gwin moved that the Senate go into executive session, for the purpose of taking up a bill to which there have been several and no adjournment took place.

On the 10th, before the Senate met, a large crowd was present and noisy.

The Homestead Bill came has been circulated that Senator Gwin is dead. His colleague is absent, rendering it impossible to ascertain the truth of the report, but it is generally believed.

The motion was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 10th, the galleries were crowded to the utmost capacity, and the floor of the Senate was also densely packed with spectators.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, then announced the death of Hon. Garrett Davis, late Senator from Kentucky, in most pleasing and appropriate terms, and concluded by submitting a series of resolutions.

Mr. Carlile then addressed the Senate, in the course of which, he said of Mr. Clay:—"Though it has been my fortune frequently to differ with him in opinion, I have no pride in saying that I have been his friend. Proud of his genius, and of his patriotism, and of his public services, I have always been willing to stand by him in the hour of peril. I have often with him divided the frowns of power, and the proscription of party, but I am glad that the silver cord was almost untouched, and the golden bowl was not broken, when he was called from the world to his rest. I am glad that the last time that he ever saw the capital he was able to take away, in the recollection of his mind, the spectacle of a free people, and a free government, sanctified by his family, his first care was for his country. Let me say that I have no fear that the great reputation of Mr. Clay will suffer in the hour of death as they have suffered under his life. Envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, will be buried with the ashes of the dead statesman, and he will be remembered only as he was, a great man, and a benefactor of his country. Let me say that I have no fear that the great reputation of Mr. Clay will suffer in the hour of death as they have suffered under his life. Envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, will be buried with the ashes of the dead statesman, and he will be remembered only as he was, a great man, and a benefactor of his country. And when we shall enter that narrow valley, through which all the living must pass, and shall be met by the judgment seat of God, may we be able to say, with the departed statesman, in the words of the sublime and language of the Christian—dying, but ever living, and triumphant—

"The world is passing away;
Heaven opens upon my eyes! my ears
With sound seraphic are filled!
Lead, lead your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?"

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Mr. Hunter believed, and claimed for Virginia a position among the foremost in the Revolution, and possessed a high estimation upon the public acts of Mr. Clay, and his character.

Mr. Hale alluded to the national bereavement, and spoke in the highest terms of the character of Mr. Clay, as a statesman and a patriot, and of his services to the Union, to liberty and of Greece.

Mr. Clingman spoke eloquently of the purity and fervor of Clay's patriotism, and said it must have always been a source of pride to the people of the United States to have produced so great a statesman. He (Mr. Clingman) introduced the platform he had erected at Mount Vernon, in honor of Washington, and Lafayette, as a tribute to the memory and virtues of the statesman.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Underwood, were then unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. Henry Clay, late a member of the Senate from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That the Secretary will communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives, and request them to join the Senate in such measures as may be proper to manifest the respect due to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution, that the Committee on Arrangements cause to be printed in pamphlet form, for the use of the Senate, the proceedings and all the addresses in the Senate and House of Representatives, on the occasion of the death of Mr. Clay.

Mr. Trumbull moved to amend the resolution after the addresses made in the House. The amendment was seconded, by Mr. Sumner, and the resolution was adopted, as amended.

Mr. Hale, by unanimous consent, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee on Arrangements be instructed to procure a marble slab, with a suitable inscription, to be placed over the grave of Henry Clay, at Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. Hale

Selected Poetry.

ODE

DELIVERED AT THE

CONSECRATION OF MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Not in this green retreat,
However beautiful, while Summer launches
Her odors and soft airs through swaying branches;
Though wild flowers court our feet,
And though the wild birds capture
The listening sense with their melodious rapture—
Not here, not here, my friends,
Let us believe the loved one shall repose;
Or that life's true receptacle descends
To the dark mould, where sods above it close,
And the immortal with the mortal blends!
Let not despair or sensual distrust
Confound this mouldering dust
With the true person—with the inner form,
Which gave the outward all it had of fair;
Which is no kindred of the worm,
No warrant for despair!
Not here, my soul, not for one moment here,
Sink the pure life-spring of one generous tear;
Of one Heaven-aimed affection,
One tender recollection,
One deed of goodness in seclusion wrought,
One lesson, or one thought!
As water rises to its fountain-head,
However low you lay its transient bed,
So must the spirit, from its earthward course,
Mount to the Deity, which is its source!

We give the infant, who to walk is learning,
His leading-strings;—corks to the doubtful swimmer;
So are these bodies, for our brief sojourning,
Helps to us here, while schooled in being's primer.
For here, in God's stupendous seminary,
What various lore the thoughtful eye engages!
Morning and night—the seasons as they vary—
Spread for our use illuminated pages.
If all were ours unearned, what need of action?
If God no problem set for our unfolding,
Where were the joy, the power, the benefaction
Of toil, and faith, and prayer, our spirits moulding?
Where were the innocence, without temptation?
Where, without freedom, were the self-denial?
Where were the goal, the triumph, the salvation,
Without the doubt, the danger, and the trial?
And though to some the fairer lot be given,
Unstained, because untried, to enter Heaven,
Oh doubt not there is compensation ever
From Him, the just and unforgetting Giver!

If then the Saviour's promise and example
Be an assurance ample,
Let us not say, however fair the breast
Of the green hill-side, where the graves are made—
"Here the beloved ones rest!
Here in this forest shade!"
Distant, and yet how near,
Where kindred spirits kindred joys pursue,
In duties ever dear,
Surprises ever new,
They range from sphere to sphere
Through all the fresh delights of God's eternal year!
Nor are their human ties forgotten quite;
With the strong will to see friends left behind
Cometh a might
Swifter than light,
And they are here, though viewless as the wind;
With privilege, at times, to interpose
Between us and our woes.

Since it is gain ineffable, to die
Unto the mortal eye,
What doth it matter to the spirit freed
If the decaying husk feed flower or weed?
Then for the living be the ground out-laid,
The eager soil arrayed!
Remote from cities and from habitations,
Here where the graceful trees and underwood
Convert corruption's noxious emanations,
Through Nature's wondrous alchemy, to good.
Not a Necropolis—
Rather a garden this!
With sylvan alleys and enamelled banks,
And pines in plume-tost ranks,
Here let the roses bloom!
Here let the wild bee come
To find the ground
Heaped with such flowery wealth as bee ne'er found!
But oh, high-building Vanity! forbear
To rear upon this spot th' o'erweenly pile;
Rather let living Want thy bounty share,
And trust thou unto watchful Nature's smile
To keep the turf above thy ashes bright,
In Spring's first verdure dight.
Then shall this be a Mount of Hope indeed,
Where not one doubtful title we shall read.

The Moralist.

THE MORALITY IN WORDS.

FROM "TRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS."

NO. III.

But there are also words which bear the slime on them of the serpent's trail; and the uses of words, which imply moral perversity—I say not upon their parts who now employ them in the senses which they have acquired, but on theirs from whom little by little they received their deflection, and were warped from their original rectitude. Thus, for instance, is it with the word "prude," signifying, as now it does, a woman with an over-scrupulous affectation of a modesty which she does not really feel, and betraying the absence of the reality by this over-preciseness and niceness about the shadow. This use of the word must needs have been the result of a great corruption of manners in them among whom it grew up. Goodness must have gone strangely out of fashion, before things could have come to this. For "prude," which is a French word, means virtuous or prudent; "prud'homme" being a man of courage and probity. But where morals are greatly and almost universally relaxed, virtue is often treated as hypocrisy; and thus, in a dissolute age, and one disbelieving the existence of any inward purity, the word "prude" came to designate one who affected a virtue, even as none were esteemed to do anything more; and in this use of it, which, having once acquired, it continues to retain, abides an evidence of the corrupt world's dislike to and disbelief in the realities of goodness, its willingness to treat them as mere hypocrisies and shows.

Again, why should the word "simple" be used slightingly, and "simpleton" more slightingly still? According to its derivation, the "simple," is one "without fold," sine plica; just what we may imagine Nathanael to have been, and what our Lord attributed as the highest honor to him, the "Israelite without guile;" and, indeed, what higher honor could there be than to have nothing double about us, to be without duplicities or folds? Even the world, that despises "simplicity," does not profess to approve of "duplicity," or double-foldedness. But inasmuch as we feel that in a world like ours such a man will make himself a prey, is likely to prove no match for the fraud and falsehood which he will everywhere encounter, and as there is that in those men which, if they were obliged to choose between deceiving and being deceived, would make them choose the former, it has come to pass that "simple," which in a world of righteousness would be a word of highest honor, implies here in this use to whom it is applied. And must it not be confessed to be a striking fact that exactly in the same way a person of deficient intellect is called an "innocent," in nocens, one that does not hurt?—so that this word assumes that the first and chief use men make of their intellectual powers will be to do hurt, that where they are wise, it will be to do evil. What a witness does human language bear here against human sin!

Nor are these isolated examples of the contemptuous application of words expressive of goodness. They meet us on every side. Thus "silly," written "seely" in our earlier English, is beyond a doubt the German "selig," which means "blessed." We see the word in its transition state in our early poets, with whom "silly" is so often an affectionate epithet, applied to sheep, as expressive of their harmlessness and innocency. With a still slighter departure from its original meaning, an early English poet applies the word to the Lord of Glory Himself, while yet an infant of days, styling him "this harmless, *silly* babe." But here the same process went forward as with the words "simple" and "innocent." And the same moral phenomenon repeats itself continually. For example: at the first promulgation of the Christian faith, and while yet the name of its Divine Founder was somewhat new and strange to the ears of the heathen, they were wont, some perhaps out of ignorance, but more of intention, slightly to mispronounce this name, as though it had not been "Christus," but "Chrestus," that word signifying in Greek "benevolent," or "benign." That they who did it of intention meant no honor hereby to the Lord of Life, but the contrary, is certain; and indeed the word, like the "silly," "innocent," "simple," of which we have already spoken, had already contracted a slight tinge of contempt, or else there would have been no inducement to fasten it on the Saviour. What a strange shifting of the moral sense there must have been, before it could have done so before men could have found in a name implying benignity and goodness a nickname of scorn.—The French have their "bonhommie" with the same undertone of contempt, the Greeks also a well-known word. It is to the honor of the Latin, and is very characteristic of the best side of Roman life, that "simplex" and "simplicitas" never acquired this abusive signification.

City Scenes.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

IRISH BROTHER, JUST LANDED.—An' shure, Misther, as we're all brithers and equals in this free country, would it be throblin ye to give us a lift wid this bit uv a box as far as Twinty-Third Street?

Wit and Humor.

READY FOR A SPECULATION.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story of a man in that city who had all the brass necessary to make a dashing speculator, and which he used with great effect where he was not particularly well known. He went to Boston, where the impression prevailed that he was of undoubted commercial standing, where he operated to a large amount on a hypothecation of his own notes. The result is thus given:

The financier not fulfilling his stipulated agreement, the merchant became indignant at his want of punctuality, and meeting him one day in State Street, remarked:

"Look here, Mr. ——, if you don't replace me in funds, as you promised, I will sell your notes in the street, if they bring no more than fifty cents on the dollar;" supposing as this course would ruin the credit of any one in good standing, he could alarm his creditor.

"Will you?" hurriedly inquired the financier.

"I will, by heavens!"

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"I will, sir, I will, indeed!" excitedly retorted the merchant.

"Well, I'll tell you what," coolly observed the financier, "if you will, we'll go into partnership, and *I'll make enough even at twenty-five cents on a dollar, to absorb all the capital in Boston.*"

ANECDOTE OF ENSIGN STEBBINGS.—It is not altogether in public acts, as upon the battle field or in the Senate chamber, that the truly great man distinguishes himself; but in the small matters of private life and in the amenities of social intercourse, his real greatness is often most manifest. It is not to the bloody fields of the Alamo and Aroostook, alone, that we look for the true glory of Stebbings; and

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE LILY FAIR.

BY H. L. KANN.

My love is like the lily fair;—
Her eyes are violets wet with dew,
Or stars, whose glories tremble through
The midnight of her hair;
And, as her glowing lips unclose,
[illegible] music that can charm despair
[illegible] forth;—and float upon the air
The odors of the rose.

Ah, well do I remember, how—
[illegible] as the pale moon's tremulous light—
[illegible] whispered, one serenest night,
Love's first and holiest vow;
[illegible] her cheek she pressed to mine,
[illegible], (in her maiden bashfulness,
[illegible] scarce conscious of my calm caress,)
[illegible] murmured—"I am thine."

What cared we for the waning hours;
The paling stars—the dawning day?
While lisbe upon our bosoms lay
Like dew upon the flowers;
While, softly, to love's music, beat
Our hearts, and like a summer dream,
The moments fled,—or like the stream
That gurgled at our feet.

Choice Extracts.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS;

OR,

PAGANISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

"NOW GOOD'S "UP THE RHINE."

The night was breezy and cloudy, but the moon was at full, and as the opaque vapors flitted across her silver disk, that grand mass of

Agricultural.

WOOL---ITS COST AND PRICES.

I noticed in a late "New Yorker," a "Review of the Wool Market," and a hint in that, and also in several other papers, of a combination of our principal Eastern dealers for knocking down the price of wool this season. In a Philadelphia paper, I saw a labored effort to make it appear that manufacturers cannot afford to pay the present prices for wool, and gently asking wool-growers to just drop it down 11 cts. per pound.

I would like to make a few remarks on the other side of the question. In the first place, I think the manufacturers are seldom losers in this line of business—for if they have to pay a high price for wool, they sell their cloths in proportion—if they get their wool at a low price, they take a corresponding one for their cloths, always retaining to themselves their price for manufacturing. In regard to this combination of dealers in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, for the purpose of curtailing the profits of the farmers, let us examine the matter a little. I hold that farmers cannot grow wool for less than 30 cents to 40 cents per pound for common wool, and if they go into the finer qualities, they of course obtain a higher price, but at a greater expense. Now, while the market prices of Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Brighton and Cambridge, on working oxen is $100 per yoke, cows $35 per head, sheep $4 per head for mutton, swine $8 or $9 per cwt., and the farmer sells his wool for 35 cents per pound, he has too much wool over his own eyes.

The amount of it is, these things will equalize themselves—if wool brings a good price, there will be a general rush for wool growing, and the price will soon fall. On the other hand, if wool is low, farmers will turn their attention to something else,—consequently there will be a demand, and good prices paid for wool. Allowing 35 cents to be a medium price, when our manufacturers and dealers succeed in getting below that point, they are standing in their own light, and will soon have to pay much higher. For sheep that are shorn this June can be made good mutton next Fall and Winter, and our wool can be stored away in the wool houses, and kept for years without detriment or diminution in weight; hence you perceive, that in this particular at least, the "bone and swine" are as independent as the rest of the body, and cannot be so easily coerced.

Some, of course, will be compelled by the force of circumstances to sell their wool immediately, but such are generally small lots, and will not materially affect the market. Every thing considered, can we do better at this time than to lay our wool aside, and there let it remain awhile?—*Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

WHITE WEED.—This troublesome production

BEN BOLT'S REPLY;

OR,

AH! YES, I REMEMBER.

[We find the following in reply to the well-known song, "Ben Bolt," in the Louisville Journal:]

Ah! yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;
I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear;
And there, when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose,
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love—
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true."
The wild-blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left me alone—
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drops will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

SOCRATES HAD A ZANTIPPE, AND WESLEY A VIZELLE.—Notwithstanding Wesley had written a treatise in favor of celibacy, he married a widow, named Vizelle, with four children, and an independent fortune. She proved, however, a complete termagant, was jealous, ill-natured and overbearing. It is said, says Southey, that she frequently travelled a hundred miles, for the purpose of watching, from a window, who was in the carriage with him when he entered a town. She searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his letters and papers into the hands of his enemies, in hopes that they might be made use of to blast his character; and sometimes laid violent hands upon him, and tore his hair. She frequently left his house, and upon his earnest entreaties, returned again; till after having thus disquieted twenty years of his life as far as it was possible for any domestic vexations to disquiet a man whose life was passed in locomotion, she seized on part of his journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she never intended to return.

WAR.—The following may be found in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors of England:"

When we read in history of civil commotions, and foreign invasions, we are apt to suppose that all the ordinary business of life was suspended. But on inquiry, we find that it went on pretty much as usual, unless where interrupted by actual violence. While the Prince

bent upon winning a tribute of admiration, or some hint which they can turn to the account of pen-craft, there is seldom in their company any of the delightful unconsciousness which harmonizes a circle.—Tuckerman.

SPRUCE GUM.—This article is now prepared expressly for extensively used in this country. We have seen it stated that $100,000 worth is annually consumed in the United States, which is altogether too much to expend on so foolish and disgusting an appetite. To be sure, gum-chewing is not so bad as tobacco-chewing, but very little can be said in favor of either habit. If our countrymen would chew their food more, and other substances less, their jaws and stomachs would both gain by the operation.—*New England Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 13, 11, 18, is a painful disease.
My 2, 10, 19, 6, is a female name.
My 3, 8, 23, 16, 9, 5, 14, 20, 7, 4, was one who died for his country.
My 4, 2, 16, 11, 1, 14, is a sufficiency.
My 5, 18, 1, 11, 4, 27, are bad companions.
My 6, 22, 7, 4, 26, is a county in Kentucky.
My 7, 11, 25, 24, is a musical instrument.
My 8, 6, 10, 16, 4, 7, is a name for man or boy.
My 9, 18, 23, 10, is a part in music.
My 10, 15, 5, 1, 9, 20, is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 10, 9, 20, is a river in Europe.
My 12, 8, 13, 2, 12, 10, is what we all desire.
My 13, 18, 11, 17, 2, is an insect.
My 14, 19, 11, 8, 18, 21, 3, is a city in the United States.
My 15, 8, 18, 1, 19, 2, is a river in North America.
My 16, 8, is a personal pronoun.
My 17, 14, 13, is a coin of France.
My 18, 4, 1, 16, 16, 12, 8, 23, is a covering.
My 19, 5, 1, 20, 3, is a musical instrument.
My 20, 15, 27, 12, is a prominent part of the face.
My 21, 11, 5, is a personal pronoun.
My 22, 9, 5, 19, 21, is a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 23, 12, 23, 6, 17, is one of the United States.
My 24, 6, 1, 7, 12, is a rapacious fowl.
My 25, 16, 15, 8, 19, is to entertain.
My 27, 8, 22, 21, 5, 16, 20, is a useful plant.
My whole is the name of a brave officer of the U. S. Army.
J. F. A.
Stonington, Conn.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Although I make but little noise,
'Tis seldom but you hear my voice;
And though you might conclude from thence,
I talk too much to have good sense;
Yet many a useful truth I tell,
And speak it audibly and well.
Some there are full well I know,
Who say I often speak too slow,
While others their reflections cast,
By saying that I speak too fast;
Others again, with reason strong,
Will prove that I am never wrong;
At times I'm wound to such a pitch,
That whether they be poor or rich,
I care not, 'tis to me alike,
And I am often known to strike!
But this slight ebullition o'er,
I go on as I did before;
And happiest he, when I impart,
My truths, who writes them on his heart.
Birmingham, Pa.

PROBLEM.

The area of a circle is 50 square feet; it is required to find the diameter of another circle; whose area shall be to the area of the given circle, as 3½ to 5? D. S. L.
Bolivar, Polk Co., Missouri.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are clothes like a class of European soldiers? Ans.—They are a body guard.

☞ Why is a horse like the United States? Ans.—He has a mane. (Maine.)

☞ Why would topers' mouths make good shoe leather? Ans.—Because they never let in water.

☞ When is the ocean like a garter? Ans.—When it is high tide. (High tied.)

☞ When is a fortune like an appendage to a vessel? Ans.—When it is amassed. (A mast.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

ENIGMA.
FAYETTEVILLE AND WESTERN PLANK ROAD.

PROBLEM.—60 FEET.

CHARADE.—COUNTERPANE.

For Housekeepers.

POUND CAKE, No. 1.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound and a quarter of butter, ten eggs, one nutmeg grated, one wine-glass of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar together; when it is perfectly light stir in the eggs, which must have been whisked to a thick froth; add the flour, then the nutmeg and rose-water. Beat the whole for a quarter of an hour. Butter your pan, line it with paper, which should be well buttered, and pour in the mixture.—Bake it for three hours in a moderate oven. When the edges of the cake appear to shrink from the sides of the pan the cake will be done.

POUND CAKE, No. 2.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, ten eggs, one nutmeg grated, one glass of rose-water and brandy mixed. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, whisk the eggs till they are very light, then add them to the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Stir in the spice and liquor, and beat the whole very hard for ten or fifteen minutes. Line your pan with two or three thicknesses of paper well buttered, pour in the mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven for about three hours. Two pounds of dried currants may be added to this cake if you choose.—*National Cook-Book.*